



John Larsen <theclaw56@gmail.com>

Memorial Day Email from Mom, 5-28-12

Joyce Larsen <linenlady9@gmail.com>

Mon, May 28, 2012 at 9:48 AM

To: Phillip Larsen <phillip.larsen@myldsmail.net>

Cc: John Larsen <john@larsen-family.us>

Hello, my Dear Elder Phillip Edward Larsen,

My, what a grand name you have! Your parents must have had high hopes for you to become a wonderful man. Oh . . . wait! You ARE a wonderful young man! I just think it's so awesome what you are doing, and how the focus of your life is on things of an eternal nature! Your mission will be a foundational experience for the rest of your life, and it will bless you forever, as well as be a blessing to those you teach.

Well, as usual, Dad didn't leave me much to talk about . . . but somehow I find things to say to you! One thing he didn't mention about Mike Scott is that he got the mission call on Thursday of last week, and left first thing this morning, only four days to gather everything and be on his way! Sister Scott said he had gotten rid of a bunch of stuff when he returned from Peru before, and they were having a hard time finding thermal underwear. I guess he'll need it because part of his mission is in the mountains, where it gets quite cold. I was talking to her, and to Sandy Cole, and Lindsay and her husband, who are visiting until tomorrow. I said it's too bad he can't use your thermal underwear (which you still have with you). And I told them how your mission list said to bring thermal underwear, but I can't figure out why, because in winter, it cools down to 88 degrees. Lindsay thought that was funny, that it "cools down" that much! 

Today is a beautiful day, for Memorial Day. We'll be going in an hour or so to the parade, then this afternoon to the Burgess picnic. Bradford is coming up for that, too. I'm glad he likes socializing with people from the ward, even if he doesn't attend church. There is still that connection there for him. They are still his friends. Anyway, it may rain  later today, but it will be beautiful for the parade. After, we'll make our usual visit to the cemetery. I stopped by there yesterday with Julia and Rachel, just long enough to make sure things were watered and still look good. I had planted (with Julia's help) some flowers  on the grave (marigolds, and some yellow daisies, and some purple and white Sweet Alyssum). They still look good. Julia and I decided the grave needs a pinwheel, and Jenn Blanchette said she would like to take care of that for us. She hasn't been able to do that yet. I can't imagine why! It's not like she is busy with three older kids and year-old twins and a new dog or anything!

Oh, Sister Banks told us in Relief Society yesterday that she will be a grandmother in

December. She is so excited! (This is Jon Banks and his wife, not Russell, who just got married on your birthday.) She said Amelia is there in Provo with them, and has told them she will be the primary babysitter, and they are to call her first before they call anybody else. She said Jon can't sleep, because he worries about how his wife is doing, and he doesn't watch the news or read the paper any more because of how society is, and he worries about how this child will live life in today's world. He is quite anxious, and Claudia Banks thought it was funny, but is also a little concerned that the baby isn't even here yet, and he is so worried. Hopefully he can be more excited than worried, and just be responsible, not worried. I keep thinking of that one day when I felt overwhelmed by the news of the world and thought that there is nothing I can do to fix it. And then the calm reassurance came, that my job is to make my home a haven from the world, and that much I *can* do.

Oh, we *finally* mailed your package! 😊 You'll be glad of that! I sent it out last Monday. The lady at the post office said that I made a good, detailed list for customs, and when people do that, it goes through much faster, so it may actually get there in 7-10 days. We'll see. Be sure to let us know when you get it. Also, if it's in good condition, and not unpacked and re-packed by customs or something. I would like to know how it arrives.

On Saturday I started an exercise program, "Couch to 5K", which is supposed to get you running up to 5k in about 9 weeks, exercising three days a week. It was hard, and I'm not sure Saturday, with warm and humid weather, was the best day to begin. But it's ok if I have to go more slowly than they suggest. The program has you begin with a 5-minute warmup walk, then run/jog for 60 seconds, and walk for 90 seconds, and keep alternating that for 20 minutes. With stretches both before and after. I had to do longer between the running parts, and sometimes my running was for 45 seconds, not 60. But, it's a start. I had planned to do it again today, but the day is so full already with emailing a missionary 😊, making potato salad, the parade, going to the cemetery, going to B&N with Heather and Julia (and Rachel if she wants to go), stopping at the store for four items, and going to the Burgess picnic, that I think I'll have to continue with this program tomorrow or Wednesday instead. My goal is to do something every day. Run, or go to the gym, or do a yoga video, or take a long walk. We'll see. I want to be healthy and active, but also not take all morning to get ready for the day. There is so much I want to do every day!

I visited Beverly on Saturday evening for a couple of hours. She slept in the wheelchair for most of the visit, with an occasional comment into the conversation Dori and I were having. She had had shrimp and rice for dinner, but not finished most of it, so Dori and I had the shrimps. On Wednesday of last week I visited and Maggie was there with the new baby and Caleb. I got to hold the new baby, also see how animated Beverly was, as she held him. Then Dori took Maggie and her crew home (Maggie can't drive just yet, because she had a C-section and is not supposed to drive

for six weeks), and I took Beverly in her wheelchair out to the garden at the Hospice House, and visited with her there. She had a cigarette, then we talked briefly about spiritual things, mostly about a plaque she had given me last year with the words, "It is well with my soul." I had not realized it came from a song until I listened to a Tabernacle Choir CD we have and I told her about it. She thought it was also in the book of Psalms in the Old Testament, but I was unable to find anything in the iPod scriptures. She dozed for awhile while I wrote in my journal, then eventually we walked around the grounds and talked about flowers blooming there. Dori said she has noticed a daily decline in Beverly's condition in the past couple of weeks. With each visit, I think it will be the last. It is sad, but also a sacred time, and the veil feels very thin. I treasure the moments I have to visit with her. Last week when I visited, Dori walked me out to the parking lot after, and she told me that twice Beverly had talked about "crowds" around her. Dori had read a book where it talks about dying people, and how they are aware of those who have gone before, aware of spirits around them. Dori said she had wondered who would be there to greet Beverly when she dies, and when Beverly talked about "crowds", Dori was happy to know she didn't need to worry, that there will be crowds of people who love Beverly to take her along.

We may not be here when you email because of the parade, or we may have to leave partway through. I hope you have a wonderful week! We have a flag out front, and I'll have Dad take a picture of it. Cory Hawkins called the other day to ask if we would like to participate in a Boy Scout Fundraiser, where we pay \$40, and for four holidays during the year (Memorial Day, Flag Day, 4th of July, Veteran's Day), they will put a 3x5' flag on an 8' pole in our front yard for a few days before and after the holiday. It is by our mailbox and looks very nice.

I love you, and am very proud of you and the good work you're doing! The gospel is true! And the Lord loves us and wants each of his children to return Home to Him. Take care, and enjoy your mission!

Love,
Mom